
Title: The Pirate

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The Pirate knew his
day was almost over,
leaning against the bars
all he could see were
dark clouds forming in
the distance, He was
thinking of happier times
at estate where he was
born. He dreamed of his
childhood sweetheart and
her long dark flowing
hair. He could smell the
apple orchard with its
petals in full spring
bloom, Maybe after this
very eve he would be
forever lost there. The
crime for which he was
being held was piracy and
the punishment was
death...death by hanging.
He had cheated the
hangman before but this
time it seemed there was
no hope. He looked around
his cell once more, kicked
at the rats and could
hear the mournfull sorrow
of others like him in this
dreadfull place. Darkness
was falling ever so slowly
and he noticed the cloud
in the distance was
coming directly towards
him over the vast dunes
of sand. He took a
second look, a flag, he
saw a flag coming out of
the storm which was dust
kicked up by thousands of
horsemen. The horsemen
quickly overtook the town
and and took the battle
to the streets, He could
see that they were
crusaders from England
and they had brought the
war to the moors, and

were determined to
reclaim the holy lands.

The fighting could be
heard inside the castle.

Now he was getting
worried because England
punished pirates the very
same way, and the end
could be coming any
second now, the clash of
steel approached his cell.

He waited stiffly in the
corner afraid of what
was coming through the
door...the lock turned and
the door swung open hard
a shiney bloody sword was
first to come through,
followed by a knight.

He was huddled on the
floor looking up at the
knight, the royal crest
was on the armor and
the black hair was
pouring out of the closed
helmet. The Knight
reached down grabbed him
by his ragged shirt and
shoved him towards the
door muttered "pirates".

The carnage was
everywhere as he was led
away from the prison.

The Knights had claimed
the town and now were
claiming thier reward by
ransacking the town. He
was taken to the main
castle where a command
post had been set up and
pushed into a small room.

Several hours passed
and he was thinking about
his impending doom, then
the door opened and the
same Knight as before
came in and motioned by
hand to follow. Now he
wondered would he be
totured, would there be
pain. He followed the
Knight down the dark hall
untill they reached the
end, a door stood in
front of them and the
Kinight motioned to open
the door, he looked at
the door and wondered

what horrors were inside
waiting for him and then
gently pulled the door
open. He walked inside and
looked around it seemed
this was someone
quarters in a very high
place the decor was
elegant and has the
pleasant smell of fresh
wild flowers. The Knight
closed the door and
bolted it shut, and
remove the helmet and
said "your clothes are
wet". he was stunned it
was his childhood love, it
was her. She raised her
finger to her lips to
motion silence and began
to undress him. Her
movements were clam and
slow, She touched his
chest when it was bare
and ran her long fingers
down his flanks. She knelt
before him to loosen his
belt and peel down his
breeches. When he was
completely naked she
stared at his manhood
with a dark profound
gaze, but without touching
him there. She rose to
her feet, took his hand
and led him to a hard
wooden bunk. He tried to
pull her down beside him,
but she pushed his hands
away. Standing there
before him she began to
undress. She unlaced the
chainmail shirt, which fell
to the floor about her
feet. Beneath the heavy
maculine warlike armor,
her body was a paradox
of femininity. Her body
was a translucent amber.
Her breasts were large,
and the nipples were hard
, round and dark red as
ripe berries. Her lean
hips were sculpted into
the sweet sweep of her
waist. The bush of curls
that covered her mound
of venus was crisp and a

lustrous black.

At last she came to where he lay, and stooped over and kissed deeply into his mouth. Then she gave an urgent little cry and with a slight movement fell upon him. He was astonished by the strength and suppleness of her body as he reached up for her and cleaved to her. He awoke to her standing before him. While she was getting dressed she watched him as though she wanted to remember every detail of his face and body. Then, as she laced up her armor she came to stand before him, Yes I love you but as you were chosen for this moment I was chosen for another. I serve my King and I must get him back on the throne. She stared at him and was silent, then softly said "If I kiss you again, I may have to stay forever" she turned "I wish I were a common maid and that it could have been otherwise goodbye" and she walked out the door. Stunned he got dressed and walked out of the castle down to the docks. No one challenged him and before his eyes it was his ship. They waved to him and welcomed him with high spirits. He was glad to see them but had an empty feeling, like something was missing. a few weeks passed as they gathered the supplies that were needed and finally it was time to depart, the orders were given and the lines were pulled in, he noticed a woman waiting next to the ship. She pulled back her

hood and smiled and said
"do you have room for a
common maid" of course I
do he remarked. He
noticed that she had
nothing with her, and he
asked "what about your
King and why do you have
nothing. She said " I
completed my mission and
the King seats on the
throne again as for my
belongings all I have is
my heart" he says" I am
southbound" she says "
where ever you go my
love, I go also. He yells
to the deckhands " bring
us about" and pulls her
closer to him as they
stare forward to the
open sea and the future.
The End.